

Harvard Yard

THE prevailing mood at Harvard the day after Crimson blood was spilled was one of sadness. There was disbelief, too, but to a lesser degree. Belief has been suspended, if not shattered, on many campuses of late. Still, Harvard was, and probably is, and maybe will even continue to be, something different—the quintessential university, the very symbol of higher learning. One junior faculty member we ran into in the Yard at noon on Thursday, twenty-four hours after the students had occupied University Hall and seven hours after the police had bludgeoned them out, declared sadly, “Some of us are suffering today from the kind of hangover that comes only from over-indulgence in hubris.” He went on, “It’s all so irrational. It’s surrealistic. A photographer who loves Harvard was roughed up first by the demonstrators and then by the cops. After that, he couldn’t focus his camera, because he was crying. A dean who told me about this started crying, too. And the mere telling you about it is putting me in tears.”

There were those in Cambridge who were saying, perhaps not without hindsight, that Harvard had been overdue for trouble; it had been lucky too long, it was too prominent, too inviting a target to be further spared. The Students for a Democratic Society had been muttering about occupying a Harvard building, but threat-making is the principal S.D.S. line of business, and few thought that what happened would happen. Indeed, at an evening meeting on Tuesday, April 8th, the S.D.S. had voted not to occupy. But its leaders had swiftly announced a meeting at noon the next day to reconsider, and even as that session was getting under way members of its more militant faction—including many students affiliated with the all-out-revolutionary Progressive Labor Party—were moving into University Hall. They were well prepared, with chains and padlocks and placards, reading “Fight Capitalists—Running Dogs” and “Put Your Body Where Your Head Is.” They had the occupants of the building hustled out within the hour. The evictions were accomplished without injury, except to pride. There was some pushing and jostling, and one frail, quiet, nonviolent assistant dean was carried out slung over a student’s back, because **Approved For Release 2004/09/03 : CIA-RDP88-01314R000100170002-5** under his own steam. He was James E. Thomas, an ordained minister who is

also a nuclear physicist and a graduate student in philosophy, and who has long been acclaimed as one of the most liberal-minded Harvard administrators. His nickname is Jet. When a student he knew ordered Thomas out, he refused to go. “This building is occupied,” he was told. “But surely it’s big enough for both of us to occupy,” Thomas said. “Oh, come on, Jet,” said the student, and hoisted him onto his shoulders. As Thomas was being carted off, another student walked behind him, solicitously picking up the things that fell out of his pockets.

The S.D.S. had long since made known its demands, which, like many student demands these days, were proclaimed to be non-negotiable. The principal one was that Harvard abolish its Reserve Officers Training Corps. The Harvard administration had already stripped the R.O.T.C. of its academic standing and its instructors of their professorial rank; the faculty had voted by a ten-to-one ratio *not* to abolish the R.O.T.C. The S.D.S. apparently didn’t really care. It was not the issue that mattered but the event. By midafternoon, the S.D.S. had the situation well in hand. Its occupation was reasonably orderly. Early on, the students voted against doing willful damage to the building, and against smoke-

ing marijuana while inside. Some filing cabinets were moved around, to serve as barricades, and the contents of a few of them were inspected. (On Friday, an underground paper sold in Harvard Square published some documents that purported to reveal an unsavory connection between the University and the C.I.A.) Finding a batch of blank identification cards for freshman proctors, a few students at once conferred proctorial status upon themselves; others, aware that Ivy League acceptances were about to be mailed to high-school seniors, whiled away the hours by typing on Harvard letterheads warm notes to young men around the country, congratulating them on their admission to Harvard. One student typed stencils, and one mimeograph machine churned forth a manifesto that con-

to build a strong anti-imperialist movement in this country.” Somebody painted an obscenity on a wall of the office of Fred L. Glimp, the Dean of the College; somebody else Scotch-Taped a note alongside it saying, “Dear Sir, We apologize for whoever did this. This vandalism was not a purpose of our protest.” At one point, there were at least four hundred students in University Hall, perhaps half of them observers. One of the latter, a senior, told us afterward, “There were more beautiful girls at this Harvard function than at any other I’ve ever been to. One of them lent me a book to read. It was ‘Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution.’ The thing that worried me most about many of the people in there was their ego-building. They seemed to spend half the day congratulating themselves on what they were doing.”

From time to time during the afternoon and evening, the occupiers held a more or less formal meeting in the spacious faculty room, from which they voted to bar the faculty; they would communicate with the faculty, and with the administration, they further voted, only by public statements. Their friends outside provided them with food and with bedding. Other friends, and spectators, swarmed outside, in a blaze of television lights. One camera crew, it developed, was filming background scenes for a movie about a fictitious campus revolt. “Here we are in front of Jenkins Hall at Metropolitan University,” an actor impersonating a television commentator was saying. “The atmosphere here is like a carnival.”

Eventually, many of the two hundred students who remained in the building went to sleep. Quite a few of them still expected no trouble. They were wrong, of course. The administration had already decided—without consulting the faculty—to have them routed out at five in the morning. Some four hundred policemen were converging on the Yard. At four o’clock, to summon other students to the scene, fire alarms were set off—presumably by the S.D.S.—throughout the Harvard community. The students inside University Hall had been told by Franklin L. Ford, the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, within a short time of their taking it over that if they didn’t clear out in fifteen minutes they would be liable to charges of criminal trespass. Now, at 4:55 A.M., Dean Glimp warned them by bullhorn that they had exactly five minutes to get out with impunity. Apparently, nobody inside heard him. At five, the police